A PARLIAMENT PUBLICATION • VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4

BLOCK BUSTERS

$4.00

ARCHITECTS OF
THE GREAT AMERICAN BRA

HARVEST OF FEMALE EROTIC ART

A HOOKER'S REVENGE

FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY • Sale to Minors Prohibited

BLOCK BUSTERS

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4

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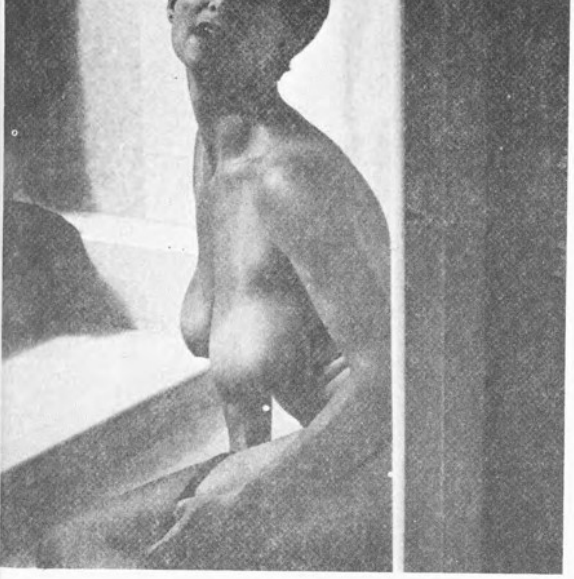
EDITORIAL

Periodically, throughout history and continuing into the present, blue-nosed reformers sweep through a large city and attempt to dictate standards of community behavior. Sometimes these well-meaning public monitors are outraged at a portion of the human anatomy that has been a part of the human form since at least the days when **Pithecanthropus erectus** stalked the Olduvai Gorge in Africa.

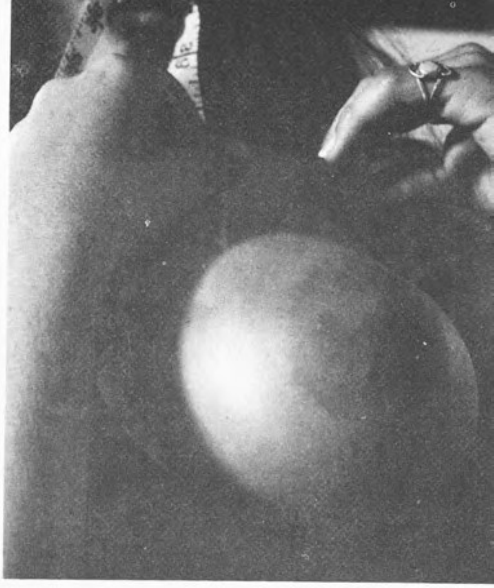
Such an ordinance generally reads something like this: "It is unlawful for a woman to appear unclothed or in such attire, costume or clothing as to expose any portion of either female breast at or below the aureola thereof." Apparently the breast itself is not a matter of legislative concern unless the "areola thereof" is exposed. The nipple, of course, is right smack in the middle of the "aureola thereof." We find it difficult to separate, in our minds, the aureola from the breast, just as we cannot separate the nipple from the aureola.

We recall that a few years ago some previous lavender-nosed legislators tackled the ticklish topless "problem" with another statute that attempted to define which part of the female breast was supposedly objectionable to the human eye. Our subsequent investigations turned up an ordinance enjoining waitresses in public places from exposing "any portion of either breast below a straight line so drawn that both nipples and all portions of both breasts which have different pigmentation than the main portion of the breast below such line. . . ."

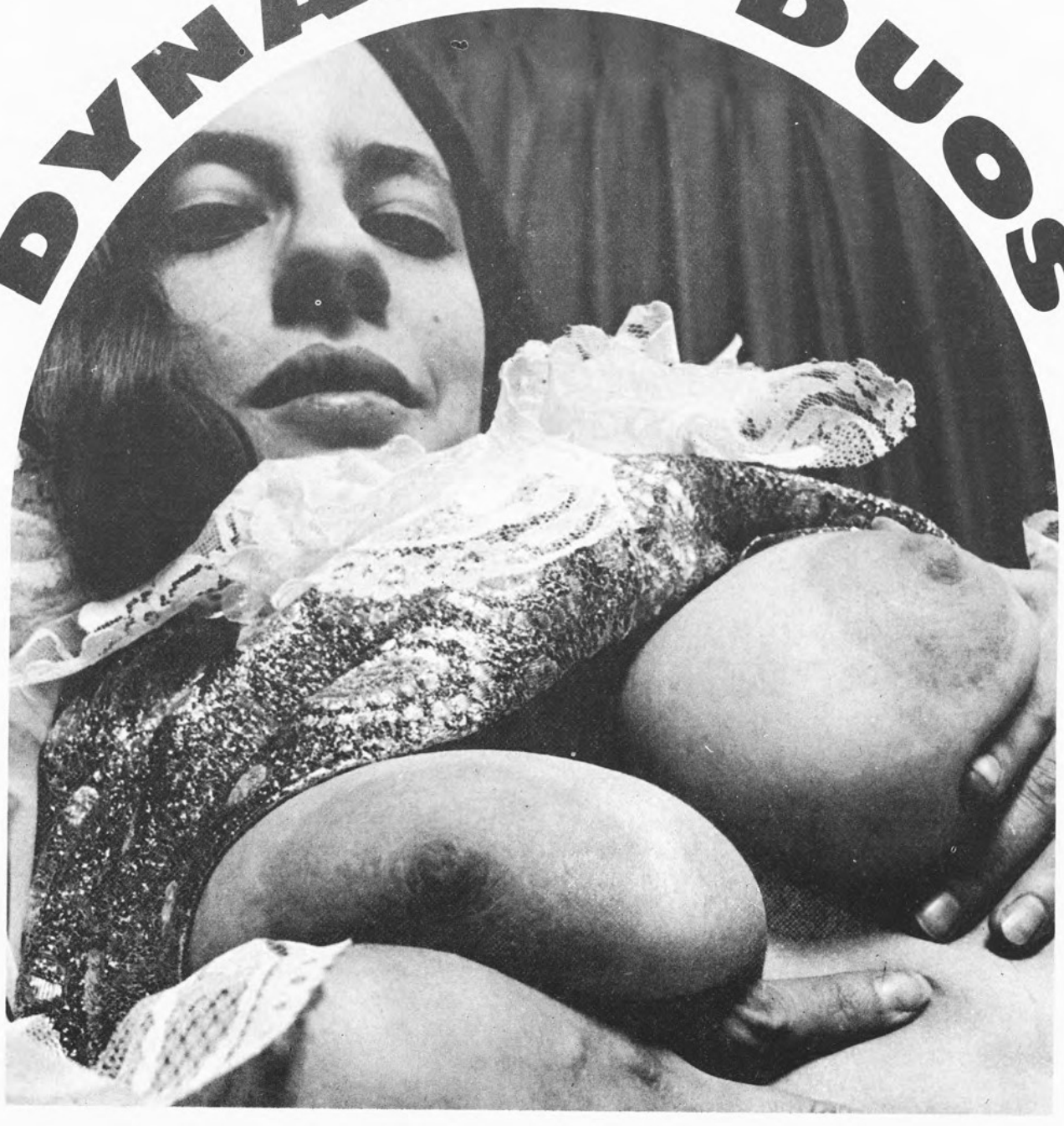
Meantime, for students who are interested in that portion of the female anatomy which has engaged the attention of our Victorian-oriented brethren and which seems to have unhinged their lingual abilities, assaulted their atrophied libidoes and tormented them beyond endurance, **Block Busters** offers, periodically, any number of suitable examples of "areola thereofs" which "are below such line" for study and contemplation.

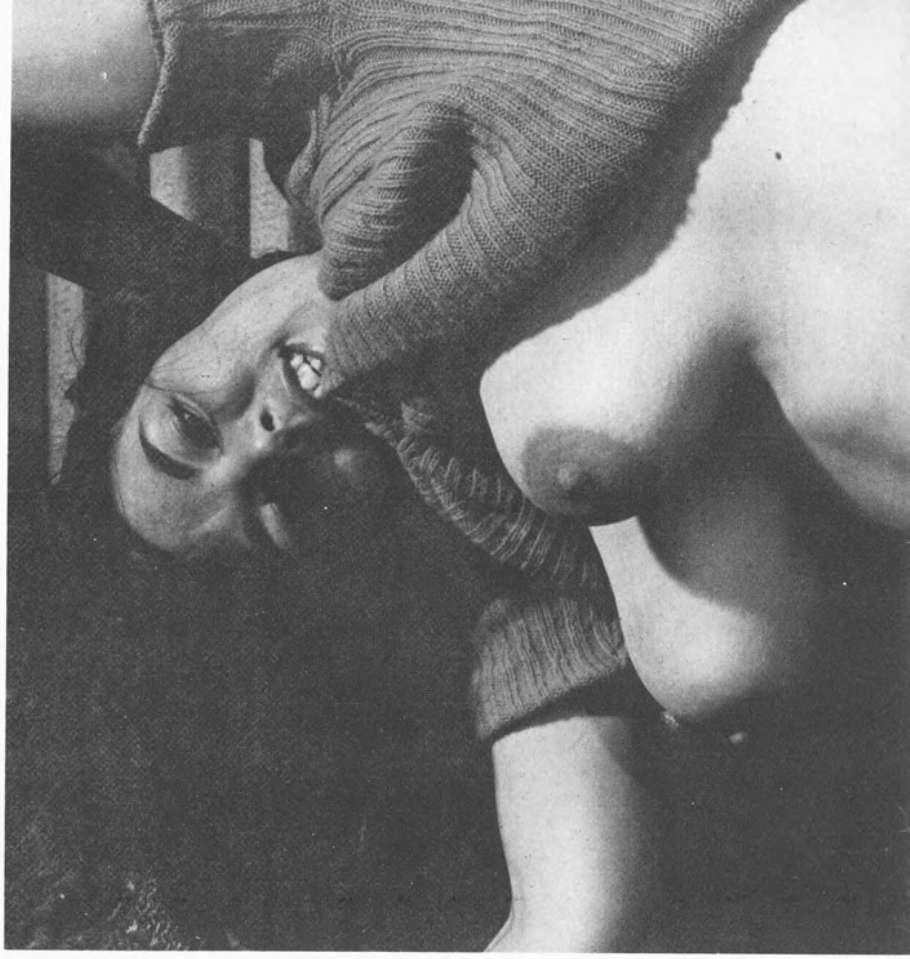


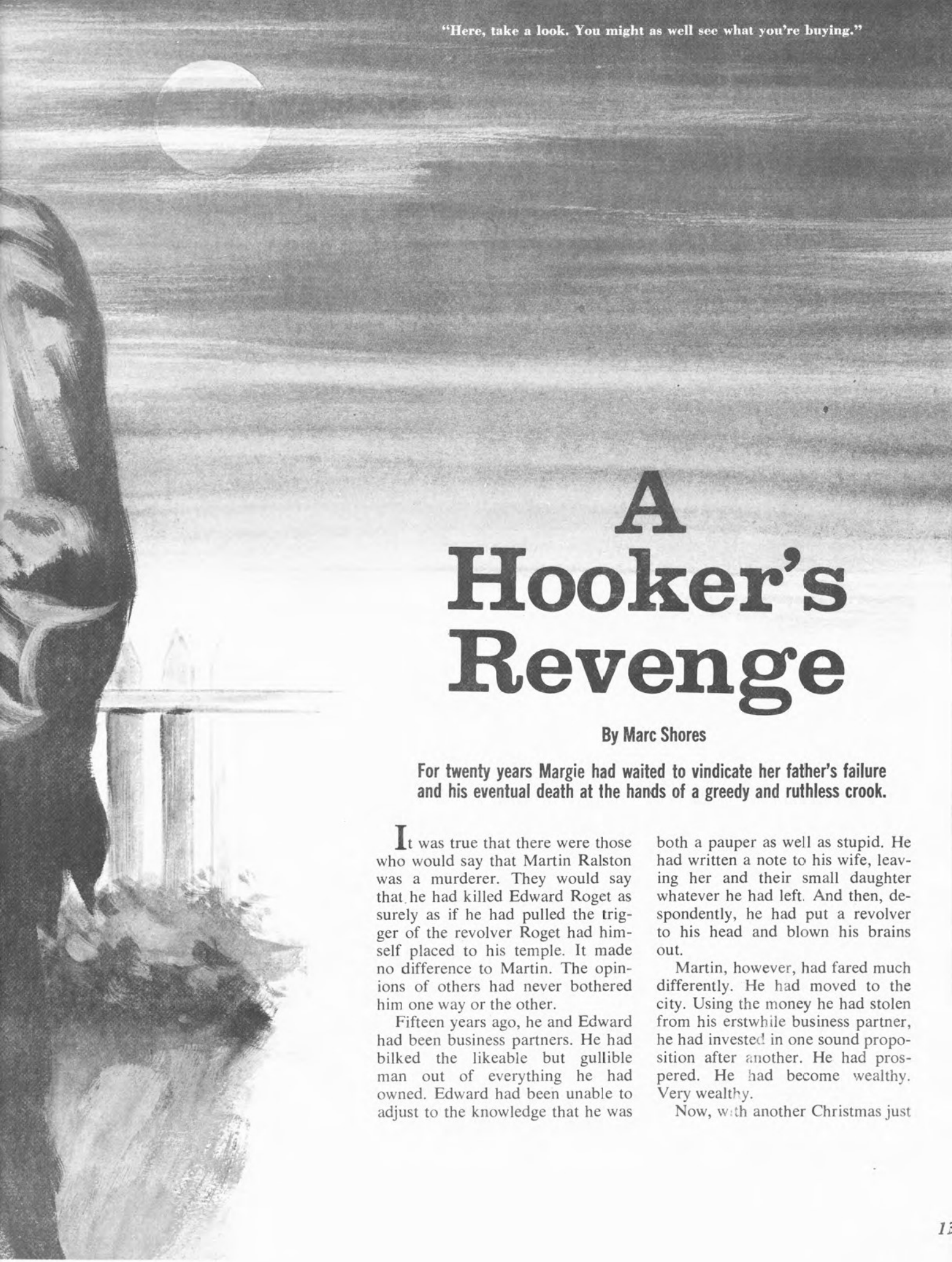
BATMAN AND HIS YOUTHFUL COMPANION WOULD HAVE LOVED TO WORK ON A CASE INVOLVING THESE POSSESSORS OF REMARKABLE DYNAMIC DUOS. "HOLY JUMPING JUPITER'S JUGS!" WOULD HAVE BEEN ROBIN'S EXCLAMATION ON FIRST VIEWING THESE BIGGIES.



DYNAMIC DUOS







A Hooker's Revenge

By Marc Shores

For twenty years Margie had waited to vindicate her father's failure and his eventual death at the hands of a greedy and ruthless crook.

It was true that there were those who would say that Martin Ralston was a murderer. They would say that he had killed Edward Roget as surely as if he had pulled the trigger of the revolver Roget had himself placed to his temple. It made no difference to Martin. The opinions of others had never bothered him one way or the other.

Fifteen years ago, he and Edward had been business partners. He had bilked the likeable but gullible man out of everything he had owned. Edward had been unable to adjust to the knowledge that he was both a pauper as well as stupid. He had written a note to his wife, leaving her and their small daughter whatever he had left. And then, despondently, he had put a revolver to his head and blown his brains out.

Martin, however, had fared much differently. He had moved to the city. Using the money he had stolen from his erstwhile business partner, he had invested in one sound proposition after another. He had prospered. He had become wealthy. Very wealthy.

Now, with another Christmas just

a few days away, Martin had decided to return to his home town and spend the holidays with his aged mother. Nothing seemed to have changed. It was all as he had remembered; the quiet streets, smoke curling out of brick chimneys, snow blanketing the sidewalks and yards and resting atop the barren branches of stately elms that lined the walks, children laughing as they scampered about, little puffs of white appearing at the corners of their lips with each breath they took. Regardless of the passage of time, this town would always fill Martin with the warmth of nostalgia.

He sighed contentedly and lit one of his expensive hand-rolled cigars. Overjoyed at his homecoming, his mother had made the proper preparations. An enormous Christmas tree centered the living room. Multicolored lights and every conceivable ornament decorated its green boughs. Brightly wrapped packages were nestled at its base. A homemade fruitcake rested on a small table beside it. Christmas cards were Scotch-taped to the frosted windowpanes. Everything was just the way Martin had hoped it would be.

Excusing himself, Martin told his mother that he was going out for a little while to spend some time with old friends. If his mother might have wondered whether or not ten o'clock in the evening was a trifle late for visiting, she said nothing. Rather, she smiled and gave her son a kiss on the cheek.

Martin had told a half-truth. Actually, he had no friends in this town. He doubted that he ever really had. But, he did want to go visiting. He wanted to spend an hour or so with a woman. Any woman.

A taxicab driver took Martin to a small frame house on the outskirts of the modest town. "You'll find what you're looking for in there, sir," he said. "Her name is Margie. She's twenty-one or so and she's got the nicest tits I've ever seen. Reasonable, too. From what I hear, she really digs sex. She wouldn't charge a dime except that she has to live."

"Thank you," Martin said, tipping the man generously before stepping out of the cab and into the snow. "I will call when I'm ready to return."

The girl lived alone. She was wearing a faded housecoat when she answered Martin's knock. As he stepped inside, he noted that the cab driver had been right about the girl's breasts. They were enormous!

"You're a tit-freak too?" she asked, smiling as she caught Martin staring at the pendulous mounds of flesh that swayed back and forth beneath the robe with each step she took.

Martin nodded. "As a matter of fact, I have always liked large breasts."

"Most men do," she answered. "Here, take a look. You might as well see what you're buying."

She opened her robe to reveal her massive breasts. Martin swallowed. He had never seen anything quite like them. Either one of them would have filled a mop bucket. They rose high on her rib cage, curving from just below her shoulderblades downward to form twin mounds of soft white flesh streaked with tiny blue veins that trailed outward from each huge nipple.

"They really are something, aren't they?" Martin mused.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked.

Martin nodded. "Scotch, please. No water. Perhaps an ice cube or two."

"I suppose you already know my name. What's yours?"

"Martin . . . Martin Ralston. Ah, thank you. The drink looks just right."

She sat beside him on her inexpensive sectional. There was a silence between them as each sipped at their drink. Then the girl looked into Martin's eyes. "I've heard of you," she said. "You used to live here in town, didn't you?"

"Um-hmmm. But, that was years ago."

"You . . . uh . . . you're a millionaire. Right?"

Martin smiled. "Yes. But, I don't see how that could possibly make any difference at this juncture. I'm a man. And you are a woman who caters to the needs of men. Please, state your price and we can get on with it."

The girl got to her feet. "Hey, there's no reason for you to get snotty. I was just making conversation. That's all."

Martin sighed. "Could we just make love instead? It's been a tiring day. I'd like to get back to my mother's and into bed as soon as possible."

"Yeah . . . sure . . . we can do it. Come on. Let's go."

Martin followed her into her bedroom. A crisp-sheeted bed occupied most of the room. Overhead, a small blue light cast a hazy illumination about the room. The girl shrugged off her housecoat. With her back to Martin, she bent forward and stepped out of her panties. Then, completely naked, she lay on the bed and waited for him to undress.

Martin opened his billfold. "How much?"

The girl stretched her arms above her head to draw her magnificent breasts taut. Her legs opened invitingly. "You can give me whatever you think I'm worth, Mr. Ralston."

Martin withdrew a fifty-dollar bill and placed it atop her dresser. He was sure that such an amount was a great deal more than she was accustomed to getting in this small town. Perhaps the generous figure might induce her to show her gratitude in a particularly wanton fashion.

When he had undressed, he lay on his back beside the girl. "Do whatever you are best at doing," he said, closing his eyes.

Rolling onto her side, the girl began to rub Martin's chest and belly with the palm of her hand. He could feel her breasts brushing against his flesh, feel the soft matting of her pubis against his thigh. "Have you ever had a champagne job?" she whispered, bending forward to run her tongue back and forth across one of his nipples.

Martin opened his eyes and looked at her. "What, my dear, is a 'champagne job?' "

"It's the best way in the world to get off," she replied, stroking downward until she was rubbing her hand against his stiffening manhood. "First, I lather you up. Then I shave you. And then I pour champagne over you. Your skin will tingle like crazy all the time I'm blowing you. Believe me, Mr. Ralston, you'll really dig it."

Bending forward, she drew Martin's stem between her lips and gently titillated the ridge of it with the tip of her tongue. It was a pleasing sensation. Martin's manhood became instantly rigid. "Would the . . . uh . . . the champagne job take long?" he asked, thinking about what the girl had described. "After all, I don't want to be here all night."

Clutching his shaft by its base, the girl lifted her head and looked at Martin. "Oh, it would probably take about a half hour. No more."

"Well, then, let's get on with it," Martin sighed.

The girl jumped up off the bed and scampered into her bathroom. When she returned, she was carrying a metal pan full of hot water, an old-fashioned razor, and a leather strop. Depositing them at one side of the bed, she then ran into the living room and came back carrying a large bottle of champagne.

Martin watched her sharpen the razor by slapping it back and forth against the leather strop. "Where did you learn that?" he asked. "Why, I haven't seen one of those since I was a boy."

"My daddy taught my mother because he liked for her to shave him," the girl replied. "She taught me."

"And do they live here in town?"

The girl shook her head. "Nope. They're both dead. Hell, you don't think I'd be hooking here if they were living, do you?"

Martin shook his head. "No, I suppose you wouldn't at that."

Finished stropping, she placed the razor at the edge of the bed. Then she picked up the pan of hot water and placed a washcloth into it. After a few seconds, she removed the cloth and placed it over Martin's crotch. Martin involuntarily jumped at the touch of the hot cloth. He could feel his hardness begin to wilt. "I'm losing my erection," he said. "Now, what?"

The girl produced a shaving mug and brush. "Oh, don't sweat it. You'll get it back. Just relax. Let me do what you're paying me to do."

She removed the hot cloth, then began to apply the shaving lather over his pubic hairs. Martin shifted his weight. His entire pelvic region tingled with the touch of the mentholated shaving cream."You were right," he granted. "This does evoke an erotic interest."

"I knew it would," she said. And then, in a different tone of voice, she added, "It must be nice to be a millionaire. To have the things money like you've got can buy."

"It is," Martin agreed.

"How long have you been rich?"

"Becoming wealthy was a long and tedious process, my dear. It did not happen overnight."

"Yeah, I know. But, how long? A year? Five years? Ten?"

"More like twenty."

"Twenty years? Wow! That's almost as long as I've been living. You must have started here, then."

"Yes, as a matter of fact. I did. Right here. Tell me, does that fact give you inspiration?"

She had finished lathering him. After putting the shaving mug and brush on the floor beside the pan of hot water, she picked up the old-fashioned razor. "Inspiration? Naw. I'm just a whore. That's all I'll ever be."

Martin shivered expectantly as he felt the girl expertly begin to remove his pubic hairs. He was anxious for her to finish this part of her ministrations. He wanted to feel the champagne bubbles against his staff and hairless pubic region. He wanted to feel her mouth on his manhood again.

"You're getting your hard-on back," he girl said, rubbing up and down its length with her hand.

Martin smiled. "That's good. What would we do without it, eh?"

He thought about what the girl

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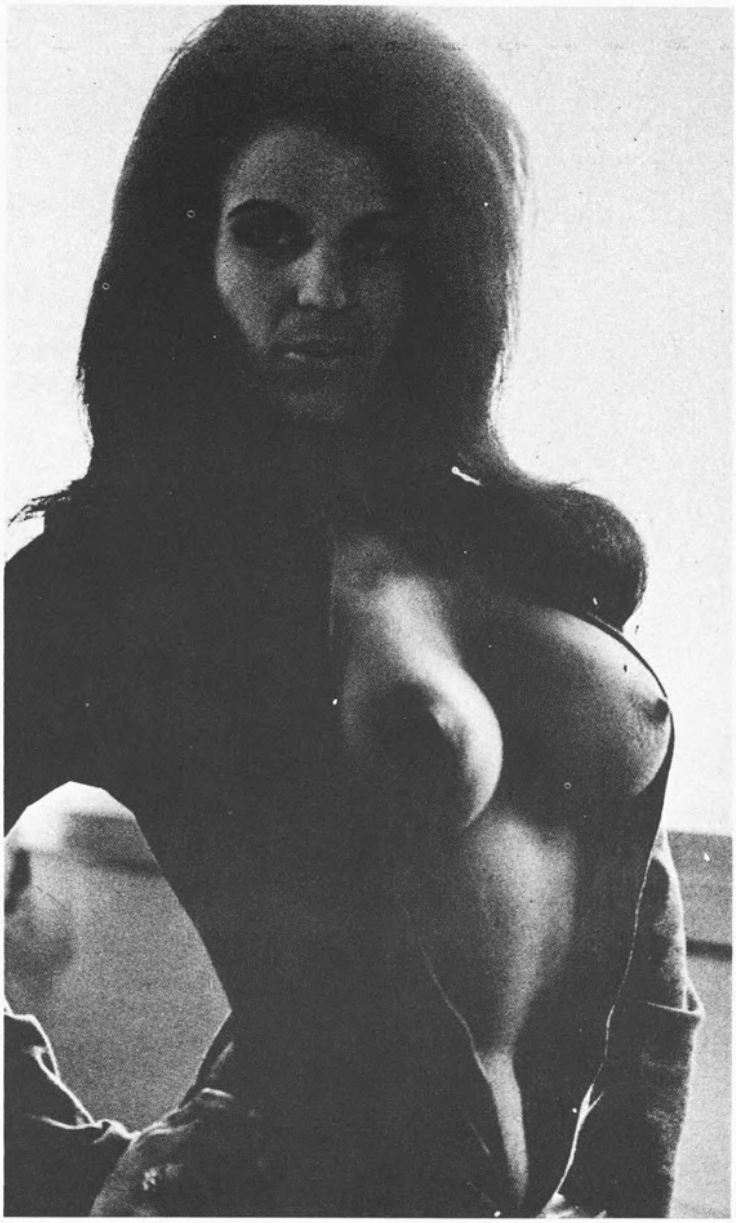
"When you sit close like this, you can catch the whole show."

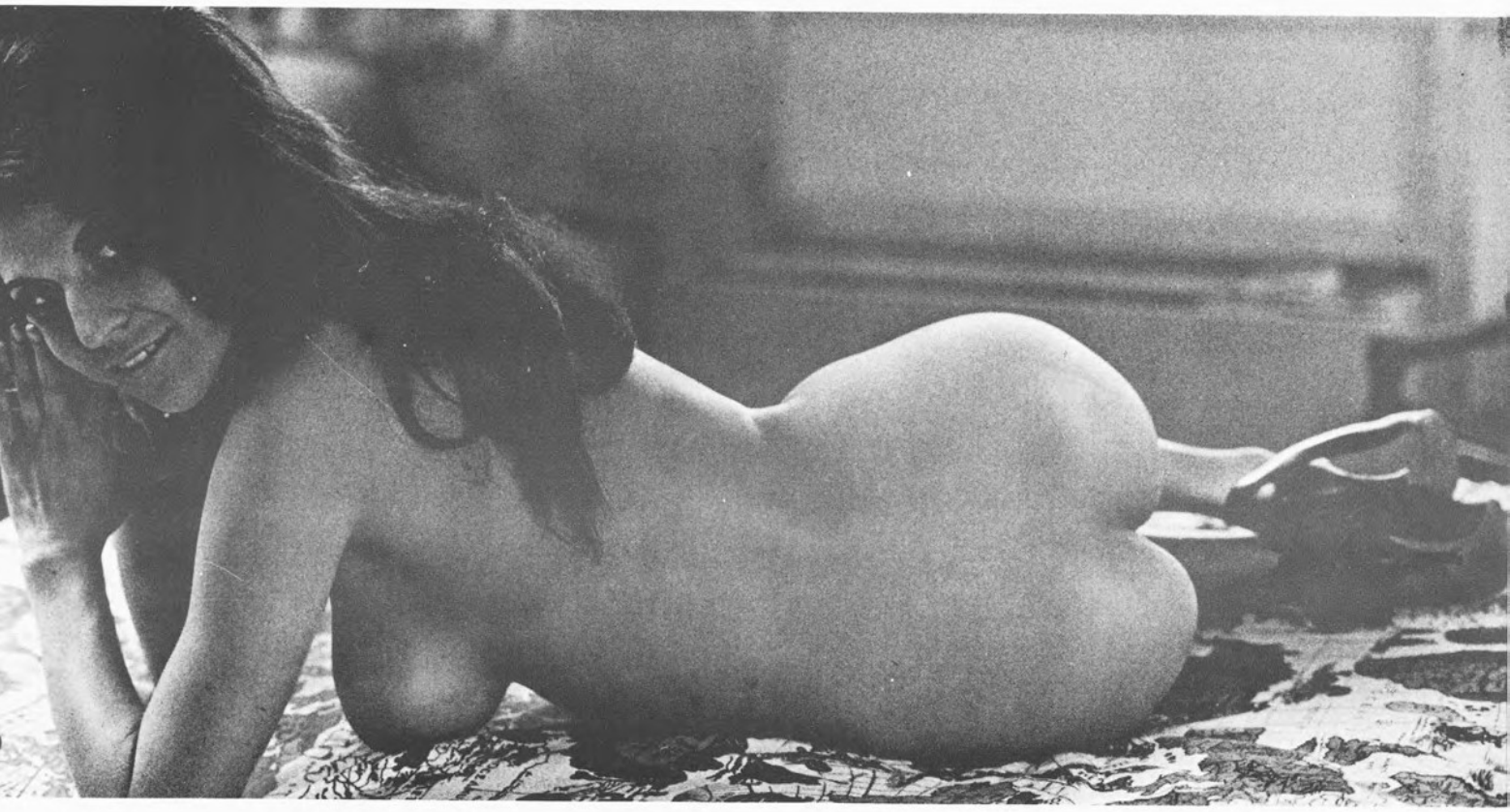
HEAVY LOAD

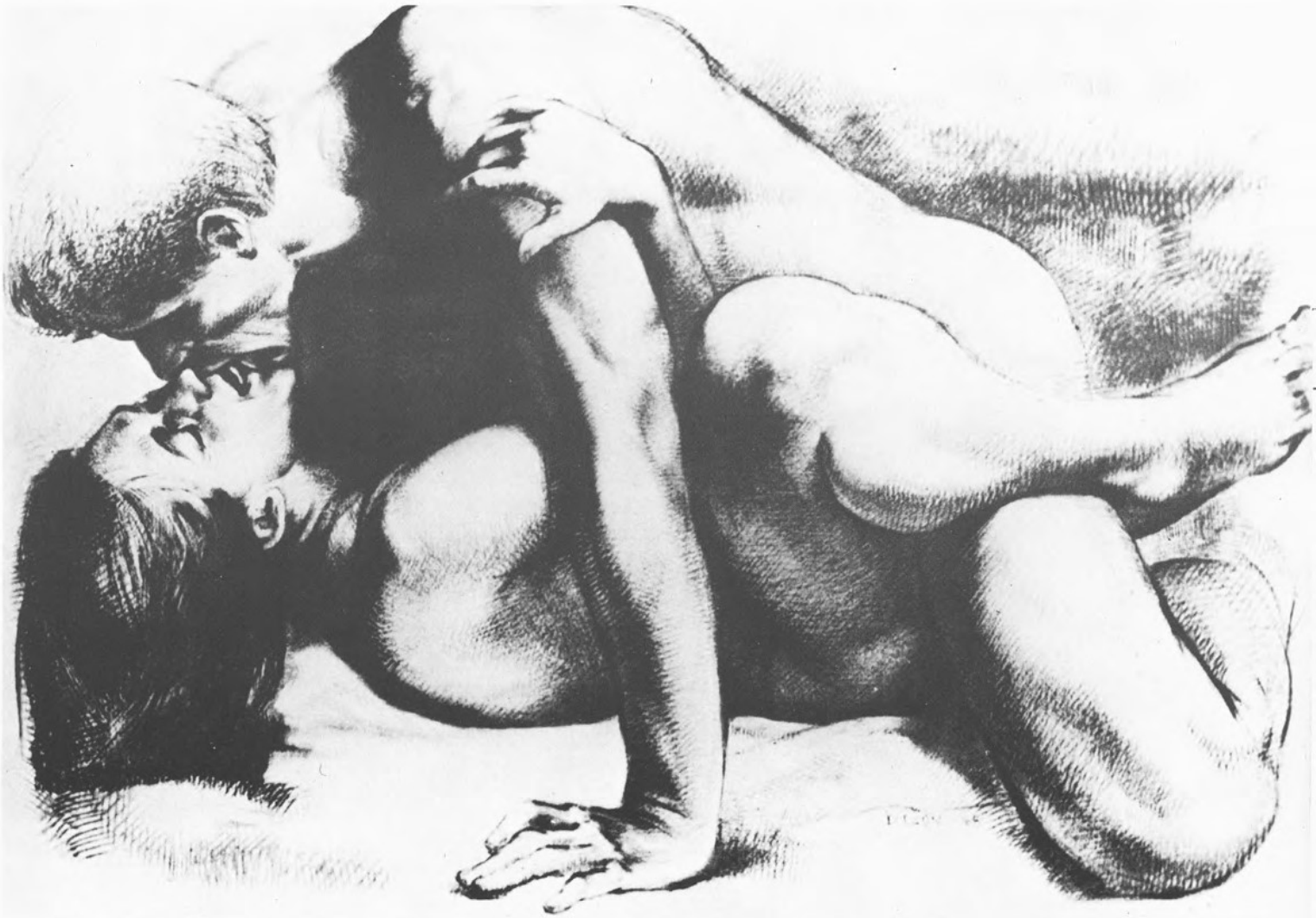
Though heavy, LaVern carries her burden proudly for the reason she knows her breastwork is greatly admired. Nothing is more stimulating to her ego than the adulation of men.

THE NEW BREAST MANSHIP

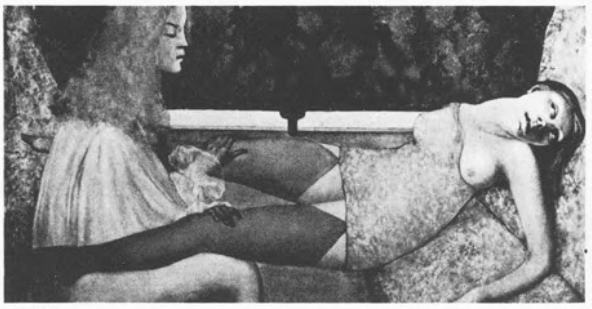
Here's a mama mia with a couple of really hot meatballs. Her name is Gina, and it would take a couple of pretty big pizzas to cover them. Gina's pillows, or *guanciales,* as the Italians call them, are just made to rest a guy's head on. What dreams a guy could have resting on these lovely mounds of tender flesh!







HARVEST OF FEMALE EROTIC ART



BY ANNETTE COLLINSDALE

THE EROTIC WORK OF THESE WOMEN ARTISTS IS NOT ONLY FRANKLY CANDID, IT REPRESENTS FOR THE MOST PART, A CELEBRATION OF PURE PHYSICAL LOVE WITHOUT ROMANTIC APOLOGY OR DECORATIVE ABUSE.

The woman lies flat on her back, her legs tightly clasping her lover's body against hers with feverish urgency. Her mouth opens to meet his probing tongue and her hand grips at his shoulder. These two people are linked in the most traditional of all positions for intercourse, but the drawing is far removed from the clinical "how to" pictures in marriage manuals. Unlike many realistic renditions of

erotic acts, this work shows the sheer physical pleasure of physical union between the sexes. The dominant role of the male, the woman's ecstasy in being mounted and penetrated, the utter abandonment to the sexual act itself—all these subtleties which drive most artists into realms of fantasy are depicted with clarity and realism.

Many of today's erotic artists are returning to realism in art, but few indeed have displayed the skill and perception of the artist who produced this work, the young American painter, Betty Dodson. From a technical point of view, one cannot ignore her expert draftsmanship which echoes the anatomical accuracy of the finest artists of the Renaissance. This is no quick and easy erotica knocked out to enhance the atmosphere of private clubs. It is the creation of a serious artist whose work has been exhibited by the Wickersham Gallery in New York as well as at the First International Exhibition of Erotic Art held in Lund, Sweden, and Aarhus, Denmark, in 1968. The merit of Betty Dodson's work lies not only in her skill in portraying naked bodies, but in the honest feminine point of view she brings to her subject.

Top right: Betty Dodson's portrayal of pure physical love. Bottom left: *Le Long du Chemin* by Leonor Fini. Top right: Leonor Fini's *The Shepherdess of the Sphinxes*. Above: A primitive interpretation of love in an early painting by Phyllis Yampolsky.

Coexistent rumors have perpetuated notions that women are complex and mysterious when it comes to sex and that they are simple, earthy and straightforward. Betty Dodson's art substantiates the latter view, for her depictions are frank, totally devoid of superfluous embellishments, flights into fantasy and departures into the unconscious. Hers is a "telling it like it is" kind of art, an appreciation of the visual aspects of sex and the immediacy of the accompanying sensations. As the Kronhausens have written in their book *Erotic Art:* "If erotic art by women is always somewhat of a surprise because it reflects fascinating differences in male-female sex psychology, that of American Betty Dodson is doubly so. It is not only frankly erotic (the work of several other female artists is equally candid), but it represents a celebration of pure physical love, without romantic apologies or decorative excuses."

Few, if any, male artists have created erotic works with such simple, physical candidness. Not all female artists share Betty Dodson's point of view, of course, but usually their work discloses different facets of a distinctly feminine orientation. The erotic art by women cannot help but betray secrets of feminine sensual experience.

Another portrayal of intimately entwined lovers by a different female artist, Phyllis Yampolsky, contrasts sharply from Betty Dodson's work in both style and mood. The position of the male and female is virtually the same. However, the man in Betty Dodson's drawing is, for all the intensity of the lovemaking shown, a tender lover who carefully rests his weight on his hands. The man Phyllis Yampolsky has depicted bears down heavily on the girl, his thick body almost seeming to crush her. Sexuality has a savagery about it here, the savagery that men often unknowingly bring to sexual experience.

The woman lying supine in Betty Dodson's drawing unmistakably reveals her at the heights of rapture she experiences, while in this other work the feminine reaction is less well defined. Grasped violently in her lover's arms, she is more a passive object than a passionate partner. Although her head is thrown back with her long hair cascading over the man's powerful hands, her eyes are fully open, focusing not on the man but on some distant object. The man, too, stares outward in a remote uncomprehending gaze. The painting shows well the awe and mystery that humans, as rational human beings, sometimes experience in the face of something as purely animalistic as sexual congress. This sense of the utter primitiveness of lovemaking is something that many females, even highly responsive ones, are apt to understand better than their fervent, fast-moving mates.

The primitive feeling of Phyllis Yampolsky's painting is echoed in the style. Although details such as facial features, hair and one upturned breast are easily detected, the artist had abandoned absolute realism for a more simplified style in which only the essential elements are present. Instead of precise

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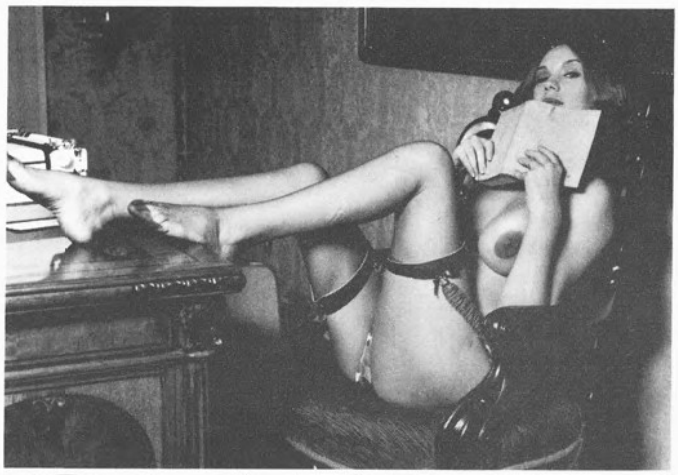
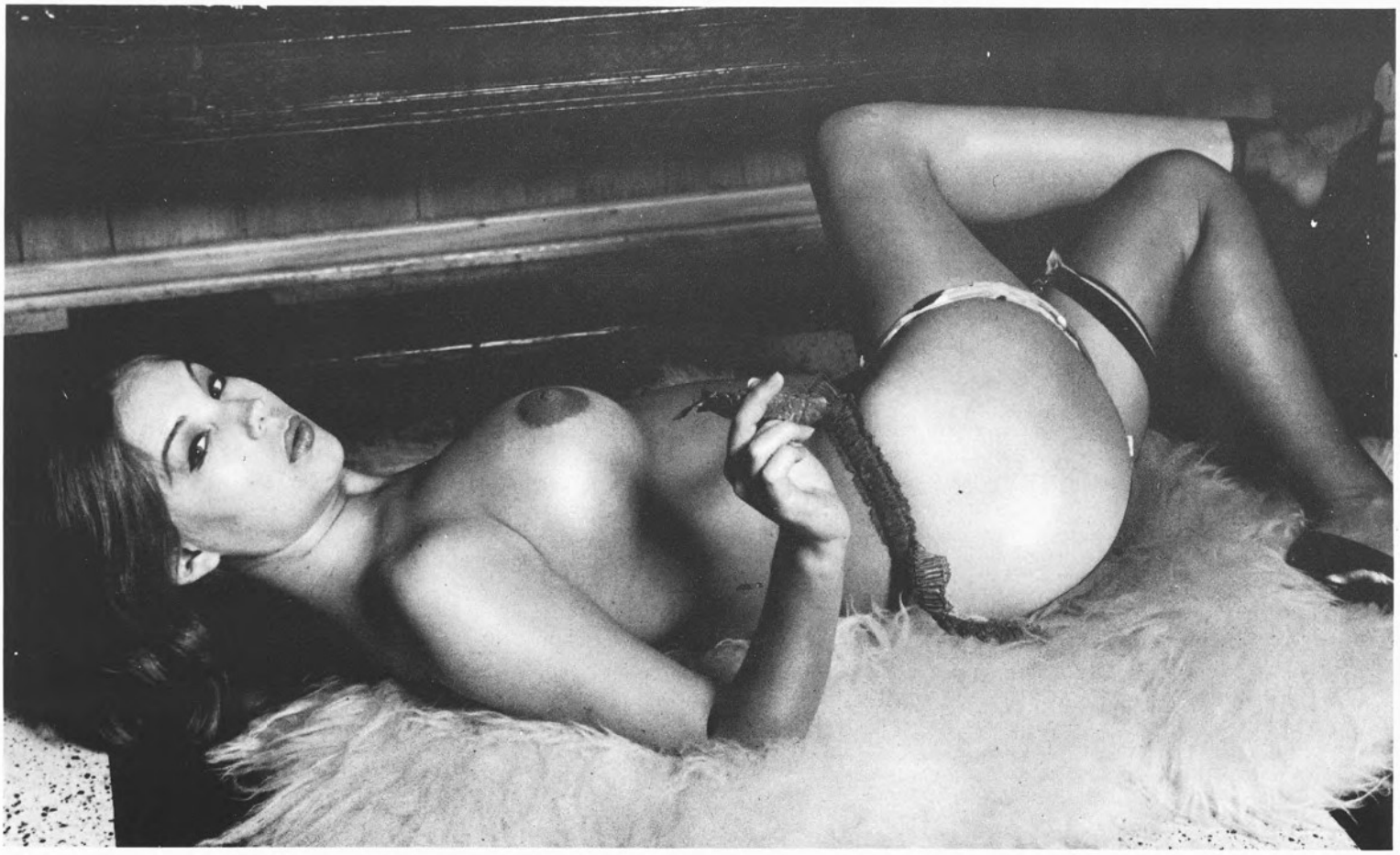


CHERRY TOPPING

Topping Diane's lovely, white mounds, are two inviting cherries right in the middle of her areolas. If that doesn't make the most delicious dessert ever offered, we'll eat our hat without mustard or pickles.



For those dudes who are looking to get a big bang out of life, we offer these impressive .38s. When it comes to exposing hers, Annie is the fastest draw in the East or West. With her bubs leveled at you, you know you've been covered by a gal who has the drop on you. Our advice is to go with her peacefully.

COLT .38s

letting it all hang out

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

INSUPPORTABLE . . . Writing in the January 31st issue of **The Journal of The American Medical Association,** Dr. John H. Wulsin declared that bralessness may be a mark of the women's lib movement, but it could become an insupportable custom. Ligaments which hold breasts firm and erect will stretch without support of a brassiere, Dr. Wulsin warned. "The fibrous attachments which support the breast," he wrote, "stretch under the influence of gravity, more so in some women than in others, and especially in those breasts naturally large or fat or pregnant or lactating." He also stated that "once lengthened by tension, these fibrous connections do not resume youthful dimensions, and despite hopeful legend, no amount of exercise and we presume, massage will restore pristine mammary profile." Interestingly, the "fibrous connections" referred to are called Cooper's suspensory ligaments in medical circles. They are named after Sir Ashley Cooper, a British anatomist, whose research in this field is envied by us all.

SOME DISH . . . If her stage name can be interpreted as an invitation, a newly arrived exotic dancer from the Indian subcontinent should enjoy a sensational career on the European nightclub circuit. She bills herself as Miss Bang La Dish.

NATIVE COSTUME . . . British adventurer, John Fairfax is a rather romantic chap. He has taken his girl friend out for a row in a rowboat and when last heard from, they were two thousand miles away out in the South Pacific. The reason they were heard from was that the boat in which they were rowing to Australia had been dashed onto a reef near Tarawa, breeching the hull. Fairfax's girl friend jumped into the sea and the next wave which came along, lifted her over the coral and into a lagoon. When she tried to walk ashore, the natives prevented her from doing so, Fairfax reported. "She was wearing a bikini and when the local girls saw her wading out of the water, they refused to let her go ashore until they had produced a grass skirt for her to wear," he related. It is impossible to imagine bikinis being banned in a South Pacific island paradise where, before the war, nudity was commonplace.

IN A PICKLE . . . When she opened a fresh jar of Polish pickles, Evelyn Gale of Sutton, England, discovered a handwritten note inside. It was written in Polish but Evelyn was sure it was some sort of distress message, and she called a translator. After reading the note, he told Evelyn that no one was in trouble. The note was from one woman factory worker to another Polish worker, warning her that a man was attempting to seduce her daughter in the pickle shed.

ARE NOT DOWDY MATRONS . . . One Marylou (no last name) conducts a nationally syndicated column for the fems slugged **Clotheslines.** Recently, a gal who wears 38Ds wrote her complaining that she couldn't find a bra her size that wasn't a dull, "frumpy, unstylish beige or white." She further wrote Marylou, "When will manufacturers wake up to the fact that women who wear larger than 34B are not all dowdy, old matrons?" Unfortunately, Marylou was unable to offer her much encouragement. Wrote the columnist, "Most women who wear 38D **are** older and need the support orthopedic-looking bras give them." Then Marylou delivered the **coup de grace** to the aspirations of boob connoisseurs. "Most young women," she wrote, "have dieted away to 36s or 34s and many have given up bras entirely."

Muscleman Mickey Hargity exercises his well-developed biceps to jiggle Denise Darcel's pectoral beauties during performance in *Follies Burlesque.* Top banana's behind him.

UNSCHEDULED EVENTS . . . While the winter Olympics were going on in Sapporo, Japan, most of the activities which were reported by the press centered around the ski slopes, the Olympic villages, the indoor and outdoor rinks. But there were a lot more sporting events, albeit of a less amateur nature, taking place along the city's Susukino Street. Five thousand bar hostesses had been imported, mostly from Tokyo, and for a price these Madame Bar flies could be taken to one of 450 **tsure-komi-yado** (take-girl-in hotels) where rates were quoted by the hour. Other sporting events included the **Ginji Turkish Bath** where naked girls "covered their nude bodies with soapy foam to serve as human washrags," as a **New York Times** correspondent reported, apparently having personally engaged in the sport.

NAKED MAJA . . . Don Zavierde Salas, director of the Prado Museum, in Madrid, has warned the Spanish government that if steps are not taken soon, Goya's **Naked Maja,** now hanging in the museum, may not be naked for long. What is beginning to obscure her lovely nudity, and the luster of many more of Prado's priceless masterpieces, is that 20th century peril, air pollution.

TEEN WARDROBE . . . In a questionnaire sent to two thousand of its subscribers, **Seventeen** magazine asked its young readers to list the number of apparel items in their wardrobes. Of interest to our readers is the number of bras each gal owned. The average figure for the two thousand was 4.88 bras. We can imagine that there is a bit of "overflow" in the case where the teen-chick wears the .88 bra. This, worn together with the .61 bikini panty which each girl possesses, would, we think, be a fascinating sight to behold.

POLITICS CAN BE FUN . . . At least Hubert Humphrey has found it to be on occasions. While barnstorming in Florida during the primaries, his eyes fell upon a young Puerto Rican farm girl who had turned stripper. Why she had turned to her new profession was quite obvious to the presidential hopeful: 38-24-36. What made it fun for H.H.H. was that Cielito Lindo, as she bills herself, permitted him to pin one of his campaign buttons on her "well-cloven chest," as **Time** described it. Inviting her to sit next to him, Humphrey stole a kiss while the cameras clicked.

OLD REPROBATE . . . Most men, who have arrived at the age of 75 are content to limit their recreational activities to a little shuffleboard and checkers, and live off their pensions. Not so for George Ali Baily. Though a pensioner, he was recently sentenced to six months to 50 years in prison for operating a whorehouse. He was also charged with sex perversion, procuring prostitutes and statutory rape. At the time of his arrest, police found half-naked gals running around his house, and a cash register next to his bed.

Temptress, like this stripper, belly dancer who dances in Rome nightclub, will be awaiting devoted pilgrims who will be journeying to the holy city during the 1975 holy year.

WHILE IN ROME . . . Pilgrims traveling to Rome on their way to the Vatican during the holy year of 1975 are going to be exposed to a lot of sinful diversions, unless the Pope is able to clean up the Holy City. Spicy magazines are already to be found everywhere, and the striptease is becoming an art form in many of the nightclubs in Rome. But there is hope for the wayward pilgrims if the Pope's efforts fail. Those visiting him will be granted plenary indulgences for their sins. Fortified with that kind of insurance, the pilgrims should make it a point to live it up while in Rome.

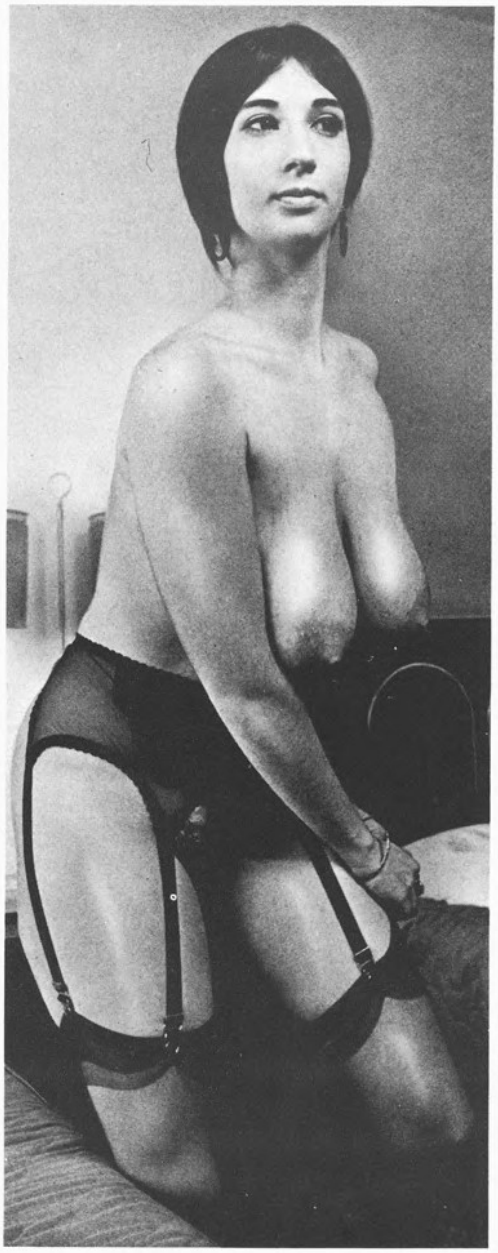
HEADLINES . . . "Feel Priceless Bras Fill Mass Merchandising Needs." We read this headline in a news column which appears in the leading trade magazine dealing with m'lady's unmentionables. We don't know about the merchandising, but we are sure the bras mentioned fill greater needs for m'lady. Another headline which we spotted in the same magazine read: "Precious Form To Relocate." Our question is, if the form is precious why don't they leave it where it is?

BIG BUST . . . Only Picasso would have the temerity to sculpture 100 feet of steel and cement and call it **Bust of a Woman,** and that's what he has done. The monument will repose atop an Aztec pyramid on the campus of South Florida University at Tampa.

CAMPUS QUIETER . . . A couple of years ago, tensions ran high on the campus at the University of Wisconsin. There were the bombing jitters caused by the revolutionaries who blew up the Math Center. Drug abuse was heavy, venereal disease was reaching alarming degrees and drunkenness was prevalent. Today, however, the campus has grown quieter. The most serious afflictions troubling the students, says Dr. J. D. Kabler, head of the University Health Services, are bicycle injuries, leg burns from motorcycle exhausts, and complaints by braless coeds of breast bruises. ●●●

FAR OUT

BECAUSE CLARA IS SO "FAR OUT," WHEN SHE OFFERS HERSELF TO HER MAN, IT TAKES A LITTLE TIME TO REACH THE MAIN BODY OF HER BEAUTY. WITH AN OFFERING LIKE HERS, THE INTERVENING TIME COULD BE PUT TO USE.



ARCHITECTS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN BRA

By Larry Sutton

Most promising, young engineers prefer to work on the heavenly bodies here on earth, which may be one of the reasons our space program got off to such a slow start.

In spite of the recent upsurge of Women's Lib, most women really don't have what it takes to be self-supporting. The gals still rely on men for their support—and I don't mean their husbands, either. I refer to those architects of the Great American Buildup, the guys who truly shape and mold our women folk: the bra designers of America.

For years, bra experts have gone all out to harness the full potential of the female breast. They have succeeded in elevating the bustline to heights that were unheard of in the past. They have placed the breast on a pedestal, so to speak; no one can deny that tits are uppermost in the minds of most American men. However, the "boob effort" hasn't been without its cost to the nation.

It's a well-known fact among scientists that, had the priority been there, the U.S. could have put a man on the moon years sooner than we did. But the space program never really got off the ground because of a critical shortage of engineers. You might say they had their hands full elsewhere.

Instead of shoring up our efforts in space, they were planning how to shore up bustlines; instead of designing launching pads they were working out the best way to pad bras (both top-secret projects). Space took a back seat as the bosom stepped front and center.

What brought about this alarming displacement of skilled man-

power? Why did so many of our brainiest young men decide they'd rather work with heavenly bodies here at home, rather than those in outer space? The answer is that they were swayed, as so many of our country's finest have been down through the years, by a complete dedication to the highest ideals in our culture—sex and money.

Campus recruiters offered the most promising future B.E.'s (Bra Engineers) substantial inducements, including the chance to do actual "live" research of their own. Some of the figures that were mentioned were just too tempting to pass up. Besides, any red-blooded American boy loves to tackle a challenge, one he can really get ahold of There could be no doubt that the challenge was there—*twin* challenges, in fact.

Most B.E.'s couldn't wait to come to grips with the problem.

The ideal graduate was one with a degree in structural design and stress support, with a minor in anatomy to go along with it. Not a few were recruited from schools for the blind, since it was found that these grads unfailingly had a real "feel" for the work.

When a bunch of eager-beavers roll up their sleeves and go to town, it doesn't take long to solve the most ticklish problems. Soon most of the pressing hang-ups fell into place nicely, the country was in good shape, and enough engineers trickled back into space work to allow the U.S. to push ahead with our program to put a man on the moon ahead of the Russians. It is ironic that millions of Americans watched the historic lunar landing on the "boob-tube."

Without a doubt, America is breast conscious in the extreme. Most men would gladly walk a mile for a glimpse of a "dynamic duo"—and I don't mean Batman and Robin, either. Since, for most men, the female bosom is both provocative and exciting—titillating, even —it behooves a woman to put up a good front, even if she has to fake it. A woman knows that her chances of landing the man of her choice are greatly enhanced if she can do likewise with her bustline. Often the most popular girls are those whose cups are overflowing.

So it goes that when her own "natural" resources leave something to be desired, the calculating female always has recourse to man-made resources. More than one "nice guy" who kept hands-off during courtship has discovered to his sorrow that the sweet young thing he married had something to get off her chest on their wedding night.

Of course, not all women need bolstering; some buxom ladies require only a little "up-holstering." When you're packing a pair of 44's around, pardner, you need damn good holsters.

Women with superior lungs have always been welcomed with open arms . . . and hands . . . and fingers. . . . It's been said that Raquel Welch has trouble remembering men's faces, and I would imagine it's because she hardly ever gets to *see* any faces. After all, how long would you have to be around Raquel before you got around to looking her in the eye? She is, however, somewhat of an expert on the tops of men's noses, and she almost never forgets a forehead.

It's axiomatic that some of the most healthy-busted girls also happen to be among the most lame-brained. One prominent doctor has advanced the theory that the human body has only so much blood to go around, and, in the case of those girls who are really outstanding, not enough ever makes it all the way up to the brain cells. We must be patient with these girls, he says, and go out of our way to notice their good qualities—both of them.

An intellectual friend of mine goes with a well-endowed young lady whose low necklines are matched only by her I.Q. At first, he wasted a lot of time trying to explore her thought patterns, but he eventually gave it up and lowered his sights. Now he spends most of his time giving her a tongue lashing. The other night he chewed her up one side and down the other.

Another friend has been pulling the same stunt for years and getting away with it, too. Whenever he's out with a busty type he always tops off the evening with his impersonation of Napoleon—only he puts his hand in *her* coat.

I'm also reminded of the co-ed with really fantastic measurements who joined one of the protest movements on campus, and went out with one of its leaders, a dynamic, but very short, social-reformer type. After telling her how much he admired her mind, he asked her if she *would* (mind, that is). Not only did she say no, she made him get down off his soap box—he was using it to *reach,* not to preach.

Most guys fall into one of two broad categories of broad-watchers: "leg" men, who owe a great debt to the gal who thought up the mini-skirt, and "boob" men, who opt for the inventor of the see-through blouse. While both groups agree they have a common interest somewhere in the middle, they do have their own distinctly different ways of looking at life.

Psychologists tell us that "leg" men are the more pedestrian of the two types. They are fond of the outdoors and especially enjoy windy days. The way they see it, two "walkers" are better than a pair of "knockers." Now, legs are nice, I'll admit, but c'mon, fellas!

It is a fact, however, that "leg"

(continued on page 50)

TOP HEAVY

Sara is acclaimed "the tops" by her male admirers. Not only is she a chick who has all of the equipment to attract men, but Nature has been especially generous in her endowment of her boobs.

PLEASURE DOMES

The only time a gal can get away with wearing glasses, and expect to have passes made at her, is when she has something which will divert attention from her eyes. If you will look again, guys, you will note that Trudy is wearing specs.

A Hooker's Revenge
(continued from page 13)

had said a few moments before. "You know," he continued, "just because you work as a prostitute now doesn't mean you have to stay a prostitute. Why, I'm sure there are lots of men who would be flattered to have someone with your . . . uh . . . your physical attributes as their woman."

"Could be," the girl answered. "But, I'd bet against it. Hell, all men have ever wanted from me since the day my tits filled out was to ball me. I've never had a steady fella. You know that. I've been a hooker since I was sixteen. That's the year my mother died."

"You've had a rough life, haven't you?" Martin asked, watching expectantly as she used the washcloth to remove the last of the shaving cream.

The girl nodded. "Yeah. I suppose it would have been different, though, if my old man had been around to take care of us."

She had continued to stroke Martin's shaft until it was now thick and hard. Martin's buttocks shivered against the sheet as her fingertips moved lightly over his naked pubic area. At each touch, his flesh tingled as if touched by an electric shock.

The girl was sitting on the edge of the bed. "You ready?"

Martin nodded. "I'm ready."

She hesitated. "You know," she said, looking down at him with a strange, faraway look in her eyes. "I never did tell you my name."

"Is that important?" Martin replied, impatient to have her begin. "The cab driver told me. It's Margie. Right?"

"Yeah, it's Margie. But, Margie *what?"*

"What's the difference?"

"Oh, it makes a lot of difference, Mr. Ralston. You see, my full name is Margaret Roget. I was Edward Roget's daughter!"

At the sound of the name, Martin started to sit upright. Then, he saw the razor! It arced against the pale blue light as it sped toward that which Margaret Roget had stopped stroking and now held by its head. A split second later, Martin's scream shattered the stilled silence within the small house. It echoed, then blended with the shrieking sound of the winter's wind that had begun to howl across the snow-covered land! ●●●

Architects Of The Great American Bra
(continued from page 41)

men, as a group, are more emotionally secure than their counterparts. It's pretty hard to fake legs. In their case, seeing *is* believing. "Boob" men, on the other hand, are used to being deceived. Thus, they require constant reassurance. They feel the hand may not always be quicker than the eye, but it's a damn sight more certain.

For the most part, "boob" men are indoor people, and they like to work with their hands. They tend to see everything in terms of pairs—for instance, left and right, and back and forth (they love to imitate windshield wipers).

In spite of the fact that they have been fooled so often, "boob" men are eternally curious. They're always ready to get to the heart of things, to know what truly lies on either side of the Great Divide. They're never satisfied until they have conquered the highest peaks ". . . just because they're there."

In recent months, with the space program itself in good shape, engineers have once again been asked to address themselves to the bosom as the nation's priorities fluctuate again. An entirely new problem has arisen as a consequence of Women's Liberation.

As all dedicated "boob" men have noted, more and more women these days are showing their independence (among other things) by parading about without bras—and don't you just love a parade! Those swingers in the forefront of the movement are letting it *all* hang out. Contrary to what you might imagine, this hasn't hurt the sale of bras a bit. Women still buy them just to have something they can take off . . . and burn. This is where the rub comes in. Anti-pollution groups are now insisting that bra-burning has reached such proportions that it is a significant factor in causing air pollution.

The bra men are now working to perfect a bra that will burn "clean." Look for something to turn up any day now. After the job they did with the backless, shoulderless, strapless cocktail bra in a bygone era, nothing should be considered beyond the grasp of our nation's B.E.'s.

You may rest assured: women's breasts are in good hands! ●●●

Harvest Of Female Erotic Art
(continued from page 21)

portrayal of musculature, the artist has created the bodies as masses of arcs and curves. Also, using acrylic paint, she has achieved a flatness in surface texture reminiscent of the better works of the French painter, Henri Matisse.

Phyllis Yampolsky's reputation as an artist has grown steadily over the past decade, with exhibits at the Stryke Gallery, the Judson Gallery and reviews in periodicals such as *Arts* and *Art News.* Also, her work, like that of Betty Dodson, was selected for the First International Exhibit of Erotic Art.

It may come as a surprise to some people that women artists have devoted themselves to executing explicitly erotic pictures. Even more surprising, perhaps, is the fact that not only female artists of recent years have done so. Artists such as Betty Dodson and Phyllis Yampolsky might be considered the second generation of female erotic artists. Foremost among the earlier artists are Leonor Fini and Dorothea Tanning, contemporaries of the surrealists.

Because they matured during the more repressive decades of the twentieth century, these female artists both delve into psychosexual complexities which the younger artists avoid. Dorothea Tanning, who was born into a Midwestern puritanical family and eventually became the wife of surrealist Max Ernst, first portrayed perverse little girls in nightmarelike settings abounding in sexual symbolism. Later, she returned again and again to the theme of a pretty young girl dancing with a dog. The dog bears strong resemblance to her husband's pet, Katchina. It is difficult to say whether such works were impelled by a preoccupation with bestiality or by the prankish spirit so typical of the surrealists. According to one critic, however, the explanation is symbolic, "the Beast which has become divine, and who embraces beauty." If this is true, Dorothea Tanning shares the underlying attitudes of Phyllis Yampolsky, although the results of their ideas have taken far different artistic forms. For both artists, there is a preoccupation with the primitive as-

pects of sexuality which exists alongside the mystery of it all.

Leonor Fini's work usually deals with a different kind of lovemaking, that of women with other women. In her elegant, dreamlike atmospheres, soft, sensuous creatures are beginning to discover each other's desires. One of her best works, chosen for the Scandinavian Erotic Art Exhibition, shows a half-dressed girl with alabaster skin and flaming red hair reclining on a sofa amassed with pillows. Her flimsy negligee falls away from her delicate body and her legs are raised and parted. Gazing directly at her open pubic area is another frail girl with hair scarcely darker than her own skin. The second girl, crouching on the carpet by the sofa, wears stockings of the palest blue and a sweater which has been pushed upward. Her midriff, thighs, and lower torso, including exquisitely rounded buttocks are bare. There can be no doubt that the slow-motion, felinelike gestures of lesbian love will soon follow this moment of admiring each other's body.

The Kronhausens, experts in sexuality as well as erotic art, consider Leonor Fini one of the most outstanding erotic artists of all time. In characterizing her painting, they have written, "Leonor Fini's work frequently features as central figures beautiful young girls, and even when they are shown in sexual situations with men, the focus somehow rests on them, the males being merely in the role of supporting characters."

Girls erotically involved together has been the theme of some of the younger female artists as well, such as Beth Knox, whom one gallery owner calls "a sweet young thing." She had just begun to exhibit her work in New York when some of it was sent to the David Stuart Galleries in Los Angeles for their Erotic Art Show in 1969. This was the exhibit which drew the attention of the police who confiscated about $20,000 worth of art, but returned it several months later. Beth Knox's drawings were among the works seized, for the feminine bodies in her drawings were joined together in recognizably sexual activities.

Beth Knox often sketches with a pencil, but even so, the resulting art has the precise linear quality as well as the mood of fantasy often seen in the work of the late John Altoon. Fantasy in erotic art, however, isn't always an escape from the realities of sex, because the imagination plays such an important role in real sexual pleasure. With portrayals of lesbian lovemaking, fantasy and realism often merge in delightfully erotic compositions. In both the art of Beth Knox and Leonor Fini, girls' bodies are faithfully, realistically rendered but the entire scene becomes a never-never land where nothing exists but pure sensual pleasure.

Few of today's women artists have created highly erotic works in styles far removed from realism. In a brilliant canvas displayed at the Scandinavian Erotic Art Exhibition, Jacqueline de Jong employs her "free association" technique to portray what she intended as "the erotic daydream of a young man." The artist surely considers the erotic imaginings of males bizarre and complex. This is a much more exotic work than most of the other erotic works by women in which, supposedly, they portray their own experiences and feelings.

The dominate figure in this puzzling work is a woman in sunglasses, boots and what appears to be a miniskirt. Her hand is near her pubic region as though she intends to engage in self-stimulation. Above her is a curious assembly consisting of a fully dressed man, a cow and a naked fat lady in purple and yellow stockings. The background is full of amorphous shapes, humanlike creatures of stark white nakedness. Like beings in a drug-induced illusion, these strange creatures engage in peculiar sorts of intimacies only vaguely resembling kisses, sexual penetration and the customary caresses of lovemaking. How valid is this depiction of male sexual fantasy? Wondering what goes on in men's minds at moments of sexual excitement is a source of bewilderment to most women. Jacqueline de Jong's painting of a male daydream is quite unlike other erotic works by females, yet it resembles certain paintings on erotic themes by male artists. The work happens to be placed on the same page as Andre Masson's *Gradiva* in the book *Erotic Art* by the Kronhausens. At first glance, one might think the two paintings had been done by the same artist.

Generally speaking, there is a difference between erotic art of women artists and that of men, surely because in the sphere of the erotic, women do differ from men. Women can be direct and straightforward in the depictions of sexual acts. The simple honesty of the work of Betty Dodson is not quite like anything created by any male artists currently known. Women can add mystery to art without being mystifying or obscure, as in the complex but blunt renditions by Phyllis Yampolsky and Dorothea Tanning. Fantasy comes into view more often in portrayals of lesbian lovemaking, as in works by Leonor Fini and Beth Knox. Nevertheless, it is not the sort of fantasy that obscures explicit eroticism. If anything, the trancelike quality of their work enhances the total erotic impact.

It would be presumptuous to draw conclusions about feminine psychology from the work of women artists who've created erotic pictures so far. The harvest of female erotica has just begun. Dozens of women are now at work on erotic pictures which have not reached the galleries or the publishing houses as yet. In a few years, there's almost certain to be an abundance of erotic paintings and drawings by women.

From the works considered here, though, the one generalization which emerges has more to do with men. Perhaps Jacqueline de Jong has unveiled an important clue in her artistic conception of a man's sexual imagination, an imagination abounding in abstractions and exoticism, highly personal and full of obscurities well hidden from an outsider. Erotic art by males frequently stems from such excursions into regions of bizarre improbabilities. Perhaps it is men and not women, after all, for whom eroticism is ultimately strange and mysterious. ●●●

MISS BOUNTIFUL

Being bountiful, as is Jennifer, a gal should also be gracious, and Jennifer is gracious to a fault. That is why she shares a view of her loveliness with all our lovers and connoisseurs of the big globes.

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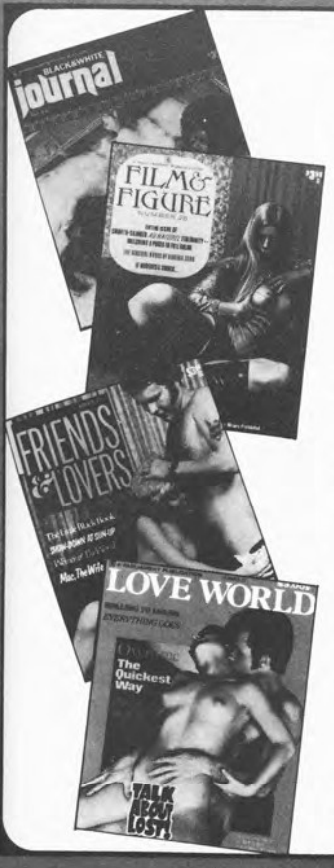

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COMBINATION (All 3 Above)	10.00 ☐	42.00 ☐
Teenagers	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Trios	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Intimate Hours	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Utopia	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 4 Above)	13.00 ☐	50.00 ☐
Girl to Girl	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Night People	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Photos of the Female Body Beautiful	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
Black & White Soul Fire	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 4 Above)	13.50 ☐	54.00 ☐
Block Busters	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
King Size	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
38/26/34	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 3 Above)	11.00 ☐	46.00 ☐
Affair	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Electra	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Eve's Rib	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 3 Above)	9.50 ☐	40.00 ☐

Total Remittance Enclosed $_____

Send To:_____

Address:_____

City, State, Zip:_____

Magazines supplied on this order will be those issues currently available, not necessarily those illustrated in this ad.

PLEASE COMPLETE THE APPLICATION ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS FORM IF YOU WISH TO REMAIN ON OUR MAILING LIST.

REGENT HOUSE MAGAZINE & BOOK CLUBS

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

The undersigned hereby applies for membership in REGENT HOUSE's Magazine and Book Clubs; and represents as follows:

1. I am an adult, being _____ years of age. (You must fill in the blank space in your own handwriting.)

2. I desire to receive by mail sexually oriented advertisements, and to purchase through the mails sexually explicit material, which material has educational and entertainment value for me.

3. I understand that you are offering sexually oriented material to a specific and limited class of persons, namely, those adults who, like me, believe that such material has educational value.

4. I desire said material to satisfy my own private emotional and educational interests. I will not sell or exhibit such material to others.

5. I authorize you to mail me sexually oriented advertisements, unless and until you hear from me to the contrary, in writing, by registered mail.

6. I represent that I have not asked the Post Office Department, or anyone else, for "protection" against receipt of "sexually oriented advertisements." I agree to notify you in writing immediately to remove my name from the mailing list if I do, in the future, request the Post Office Department, or anyone else, for such protection.

Signed:_____
(Your Own Handwriting)

Age:_____ **Dated:**_____

UNLESS YOU COMPLETE THIS APPLICATION, WE CANNOT SHIP YOUR ORDER.

REGENT HOUSE

THE BOTTOM BUNCH

BOTTOM — An entertaining adult magazine with a new perspective: wide, wild, and wonderful camera angles on beautiful girls. Lively color, fact and fiction.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 4.00**
Subscription (4 issues) **$16.00**

FEMINA — An honest look at women worth looking at; practically nothing but the bare truth in photos and language. Plenty of lively color.

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All 3 Trial Copies ($11 value) **$10.00**
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TEENAGERS — Candid, fresh, action photo reports: healthy happy teeners enjoying wholesome recreation indoors and out.

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TRIOS — Photos, features, and formidable fiction, dealing with the bare facts of three-way living & loving. Candid b&w and color illustrations.

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Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

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UTOPIA — A new and different theme for a bare living magazine: female naked groups and how they operate, covered intensively in b&w and color treatments.

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TO SAVE — BUY THE WHOLE TEENAGER STACK!

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REGENT HOUSE
MAGAZINE & BOOK CLUBS
P.O. BOX 9506 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA. 91609

THE GIRL TO GIRL GROUP

GIRL TO GIRL — Liberated young women in pairs and/or larger groups. An uninhibited magazine with a flair for candor. Color, too.
Single Trial Copy (by mail) ..... **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

NIGHT PEOPLE — Striking adult male and female couple photography, with color, action, and fact features.
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Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

PHOTOS OF THE FEMALE BODY BEAUTIFUL — 350, more or less, beautiful photos of gorgeous girls, in b&w or color. The number in the title changes from issue to issue according to contents.
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BLACK & WHITE SOUL FIRE — Inter-racial poses of two or more consensual adults, in black and white; and color. Very different and informative.
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Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

GET THE WHOLE GIRL TO GIRL GROUP AT A SAVING!

All 4 Trial Copies ($14.50 value) **$13.50**
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BLOCK BUSTERS — The big magazine for the man who "digs" bra-less belles. Only busty beauties in the D-cup class appear in the live-action b&w and color shots. Plenty to read, too.
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KING SIZE — More of the above — and maybe even better. It's certainly well worth a connoisseur's attention.
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SAVE ON THE BLOCK BUSTERS SELECTION!

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AFFAIR — About those intimate moments when girls get together with other girls in secret places, captured in candid and unretouched photos, with color and comment.
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ELECTRA — More about those intimate consensual moments between young women. Entertaining and uninhibited social reporting, with color and comment.
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EVE'S RIB — Lots of girl photos, shot from every angle, and a grand collection of adult cartoons and comic gags.
Single Trial Copy (by mail) ..... **$ 3.50**
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REDUCED PRICES — IF YOU BUY THE WHOLE AFFAIR ASSEMBLY!

All 3 Trial Copies ($10.50 value) ..... **$ 9.50**
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PLEASE USE THE HANDY RUSH ORDER FORM ON THE PRECEDING PAGES FOR BETTER SERVICE.

TWIN GIBRALTARS

Gibraltar has always symbolized strength and security, which leads us to think that Aggie is twice blessed in these areas. That her twin Gibraltars are strong is evident, and they certainly must give Aggie a tremendously warm, feminine sense of security.